

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN



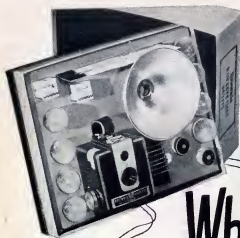
FEB.

10¢

NO. 13

*A COMPLETE NOVELETTE
IN THIS ISSUE:*

**THE
MYSTERIOUS
GOLD
STRIKE!**



Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit

This kit includes the new Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash model, with shutter that sets off the flash. All pre-set at the factory—just aim and shoot. Gets wonderful snapshots. \$12.75.

What a gift!

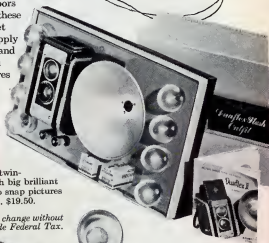
... a complete kit for flash pictures

You'll take action shots at night just like the press photographers. You'll get snaps indoors any time. It's no trick at all with one of these new Kodak flash outfits. In the kit you get an up-to-the-minute Kodak camera, a supply of film, Flashholder, flash bulbs, batteries and two booklets that tell you everything you need to know to start making swell pictures right away. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak Duaflex II Flash Outfit

In this kit you get the new twin-lens, reflex-type camera with big brilliant view finder. All set, ready to snap pictures indoors or out, day or night. \$19.50.

All prices are subject to change without notice and include Federal Tax.



Other Kodak Cameras just
"tops" for Christmas



Brownie Target Six-20 Camera—Vertical and horizontal view finders. Fixed-focus lens; two stops to control light. Negatives $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$5.75.



Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera. "Makes snaps around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in full sun. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$11.75; Flashholder, \$2.92.



Baby Brownie Special Camera. Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives, $1\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. \$2.75.

Kodak
TRADE MARK

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY-LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

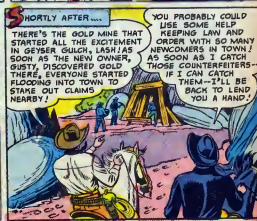
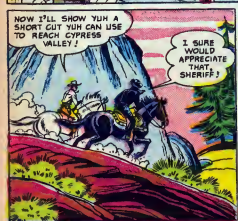
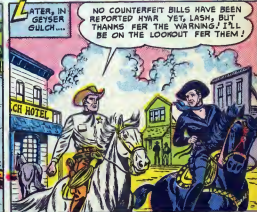
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

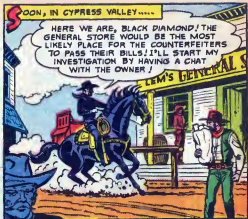
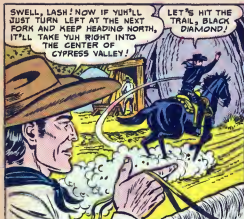
W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

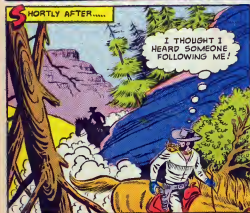
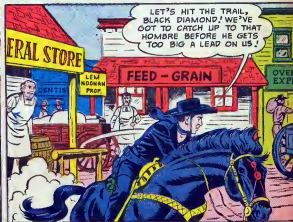


ALL through the ages, man has answered the cry—**GOLD!** It's discovery causes homes to be left behind as families seek sudden wealth! **LASH LARUE**, the roving Marshal, must keep herd on this exodus and combat evil counterfeiters, too! With blazing six-guns he fights

THE MYSTERIOUS GOLD STRIKE!







I COULD PULL HIM OFF HIS HORSE WITH MY BULLWHIP, BUT IF HE SHOULD HIT ONE OF THOSE ROCKS AS HE FELL, IT MIGHT KILL HIM!

W-H-I-Z!

BANG!

IF I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO IS THE HEAD OF THE COUNTERFEIT RING AND WHERE THEY OPERATE, I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM ALIVE---

BANG!
BANG!

...AND THAT WILL BE MUCH EASIER TO DO WITHOUT HIS GUN!

BANG!

NOW WE CAN CLOSE IN ON HIM!

HE'S GETTING OFF HIS HORSE! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO!

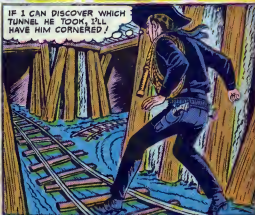
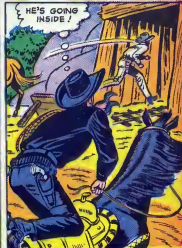
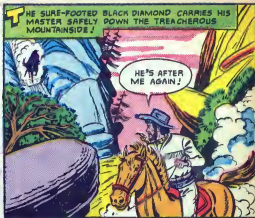
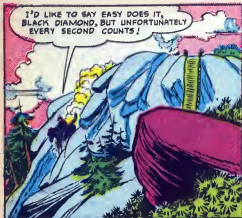
OH! OH! HE'S LOOSENING THE BRIDGE SUPPORTS! IT'LL NEVER HOLD BLACK DIAMOND AND ME NOW!

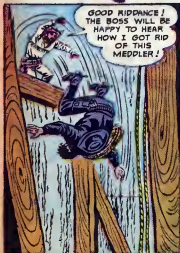
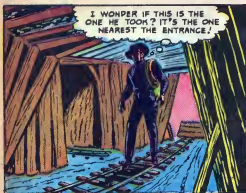
SNAP

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

HE'S SAFE! BUT HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW!

HE'S TAKING THE TRAIL DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE! THIS MOUNTAIN-SIDE IS MIGHTY STEEP, BUT IF I COULD GET DOWN, I MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO CATCH UP TO HIM!

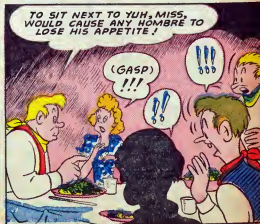
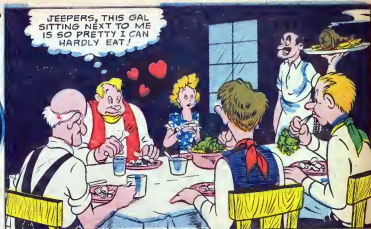


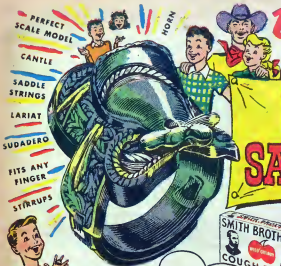


MOLASSES MOUTH



**APPETIZING
REMARK!**





BOYS! GIRLS!

HURRY! GET THIS BIG
BEAUTIFUL REAL SCALE MODEL!

WESTERN SADDLE RING!

SO EASY TO GET!

Yippies! It's a honey-shiny airplane aluminum that won't tarnish—designed like a real hand-tooled Western Saddle! Send for it today and you'll be the envy of your neighborhood!

I am enclosing 25¢ and the front cover of a Smith Bros. box, any flavor, for which please send me a Western Saddle Ring.

Name (please print)

Address

City Zone State

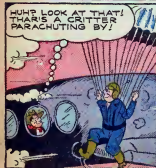
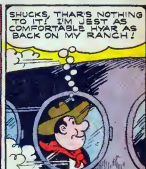
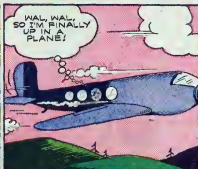
This offer expires at midnight, June 30, 1951.
Smith Brothers, P. O. Box 1158, Providence, R. I.

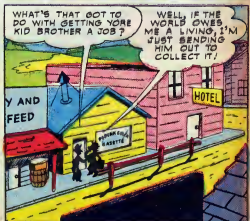
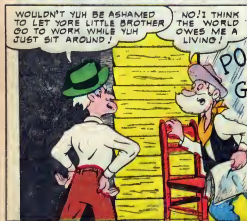
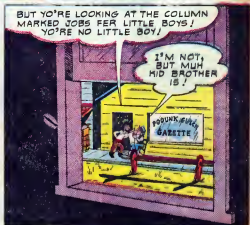
ONLY **25¢**

WITH FRONT COVER OF
ANY SMITH BROTHERS BOX

Send to: Smith Brothers
P. O. Box 1158, Providence, R. I.

AND THE
BEST-TASTING
COUGH DROPS
TOO!

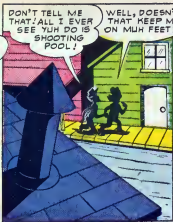






WELL, I THINK THAT'S NOT FAIR! YORE BROTHER WILL WORK WHILE YUH LOAF!

WHO LOAFS? I'M ON MUH FEET ALL DAY!



DON'T TELL ME THAT! ALL I EVER SEE YUH DO IS SHOOTING POOL!

WELL, DOESN'T THAT KEEP ME ON MUH FEET?



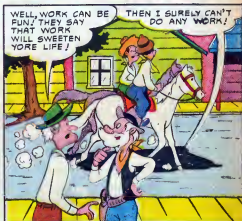
I DON'T THINK YUH KNOW THE MEANING OF WORK!

NO? THEN TELL ME YORE DEFINITION OF IT!



SUPPOSE YUH GET UP EARLY AND FEED THE CATTLE! THAT'S WORK! SUPPOSE YUH TAKE THE HORSES TO WATER! THAT'S WORK! SUPPOSE THE LANDLORD COMES TO COLLECT YORE RENT AND YUH KNOCK HIM DOWN! THAT'S WORK!

OH NO IT ISN'T! THAT'S FUN!



WELL, WORK CAN BE FUN! THEY SAY THAT WORK WILL SWEETEN YORE LIFE!

THEN I SURELY CAN'T DO ANY WORK!



WHY NOT?

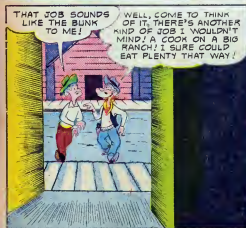
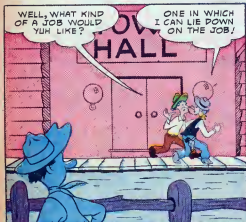
THE DOCTOR TOLD ME TO STAY AWAY FROM SWEET THINGS!

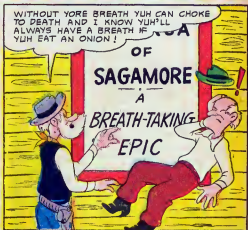
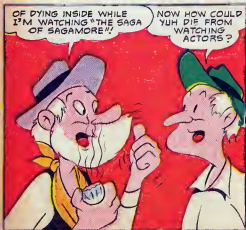
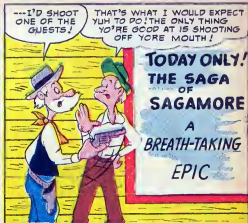
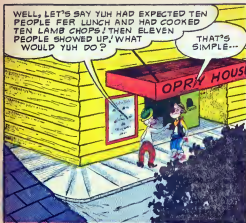


I THINK YO'RE JUST LAZY! HOW WOULD YUH LIKE ME TO GET YUH A REAL EASY JOB?

WELL, IF IT'S REAL EASY, I'VE GOT THE HIVES OVER IT!

LASH LARUE WESTERN





LASH LARUE WESTERN

A THIRST FOR GOLD

By Bill Fremond



MATT REARDEN sat across the fire, watching the flames cast wavering shadows on the bearded face of his partner. The old fool! Sitting there as always, smoking away on that smelly pipe, gazing unceasingly into the embers, hardly ever talking. Matt got up, unable to stand the silence any longer. If only the old coot would say something once in a while, if only he wouldn't just sit there, smoking and staring. Matt scowled as he turned away and went to get another stick of wood. He'd known, of course, that Len Hardy was a little eccentric, known it even when he consented to go prospecting with the old man. But he hadn't known just how crazy the old man was, how warped and queer he had become from the long years spent under a desert sun, looking for gold. Well, it wouldn't be for much longer now.

Old Len seemed to read the younger man's thoughts. He spoke as Matt returned and tossed the wood on the fire. "I figure we better start for town in a day or so," the old man said. "We've just about panned this creek out, or so near that it don't matter. And we got all the gold we can carry now. By the time we git loaded down with water that'll be enough load for any man, and we're cutting it mighty fine on the water at that."

Matt grunted approval. Three months with this old galoot, he thought, had just about robbed him of speech. "All right by me," he said. "If you're sure we can carry water enough to make it across the Sink."

Len Hardy nodded. "I done it before, son. I know just how much water it takes to keep a man alive while he's crossing the Sink."

Later, as the fire flickered out and the desert chill descended on the little camp, Matt went over his plans carefully. He grinned evilly as he listened to the snores of the old man. The old fool didn't know it, but he didn't have to worry about water. Because when they were halfway across the Sink he was going to die. Matt grinned again at the thought—dead men never get thirsty!

But he would get thirsty, he would need water to stay alive to enjoy the gold. And that was the beauty of the plan, the perfect simplicity of it. He wouldn't even have to conserve his water, because when he killed the old man he would have a fresh supply, carried for him by the other. It would be like finding a spring in the arid waste of the Sink. And somehow he would find the strength to carry all the gold, his share and what he was going to take

from the dead man. He could do it, all right, with an extra share of water. It was a good plan. If any questions were asked in town he would simply tell them that Len Hardy had died on the way across the Sink.

When Matt awoke the next morning the sun was already high in the sky, a blazing, relentless ball of fire. Len Hardy was not in sight. Matt pulled on his boots, rustled up coffee and bacon, and then strolled down to the tiny trickle of water that was all that was left of the stream.

The old man was not panning gold as Matt had expected. Instead he was filling the last of the canteens from the stream. He looked up as Matt approached, and jammed a stopper into the canteen. "Glad you're up," he said. "I got to thinking we might as well start today. This here creek is drying so fast it might just catch us with no water at all unless we're mighty careful. I aim to be."

Matt nodded. "Suits me. Yuh got all the canteens filled, huh? Then let's split up the dust and go, if we're going. Sooner we start, sooner we get across the Sink."

Matt grinned inwardly and thought — the sooner I get across the Sink. Hah—the old fool even filled the canteen for me. Water he ain't going to get a chance to drink!

When they divided the gold Matt was surprised at the size of his pile of dust. "Ought to be more," he grumbled. "Work like a dog out here all this time, living like a danged Apache, and what do you get? A stinking little pile of dust like that. Last time I ever go prospecting!" Covertly he eyed the old man, thinking how smart he was to complain, to throw the old man off, just in case he had any thought, any suspicion, of what was going to happen.

Old Len gave him a snaggle toothed grin, the wrinkles of his leathery face crackling like aged parchment. "You got no call to complain, son. That creek did all right by us. You're forgetting how heavy gold is, boy. When the agent comes to weigh it up you'll get a heap of dollars." For the first time since they started prospecting the old man actually laughed: "Hah-hah—when we git about halfway across the Sink you'll be wishing that pile of dust was smaller, see if you don't."

Matt went to get his pack together, carefully placing the long barreled revolver so he could get to it easily. One shot, he thought, should be enough. Not that it mattered. The important thing was not to kill the old man too soon, not until his own water was gone and he was get-

ting thirsty again. That would be when they were about halfway across — then he would take the other's gold and water.

When he got back the old man was just strapping on his own canteens. He motioned to where Matt's lay on the ground, moist and dripping. "There you are, boy. Four canteens each. Reckon I don't have to tell you how important they are—life or death out in the Sink. And remember I got it figured down to the hair, and we can carry our gold and packs all right, and git back on four canteens each. Couldn't do it on one drop less, though. I know. You ready now, Matt?"

"Sure. Let's go." Matt opened a canteen and took a hearty swallow of the already tepid water. He wiped his lips, saw the old man looking at him disapprovingly, his lips tightening. "Take it easy," said Len Hardy. "Remember, once we git into the Sink it's each man for himself. I ain't giving you of my water, boy."

That's what you think, said Matt to himself as he followed the other man away from the camp. We'll see, you old desert rat.

The Sink was a thousand times worse than he remembered it from the trip in. A hundred miles of salt flats, across dry waves of land stretching away into a shimmering heat haze. A burning white mirror reflecting the pitiless sun. Before they had gone a hundred yards Matt felt as though he were walking in a blast furnace; he sank into the gritty salt-sand mixture, felt the stuff pouring over his boot tops, knew that he was going to need every ounce of his water—and the old man's—to get across. If only they had a mule, or a burro! But no animal had ever crossed the Sink—men could, and did, but for animals it was too much. Matt cursed himself for a fool, because no amount of gold was worth this agony and effort, then remembered his plan and felt better. It wouldn't be so bad after all. He was going to get the old man's water!

As hour after hour passed, and the sun smote with relentless fury, Matt began to feel even better about things. He was drinking his own water often, and in great gulps, but it didn't matter. Len Hardy was hardly touching his. As he followed the old fellow up and down the wind flattened salt dunes, always silent, Matt began to have a sneaking admiration for the old buzzard. You had to hand it to him! He hardly drank at all, just wet his handkerchief a little, passed the moist cloth over his face, and then sucked at the wet end of the cloth. Matt, drinking his own water fast, marveled at the man's resistance and his ability to go on and on, unfaltering in the terrible heat. Then his admiration passed, turned to bitter hatred as the pace began to take its toll. Of course the old fool could walk all day in the sun, of course he didn't need much

water! He was just a stupid old desert rat, and had been for forty years. Matt grinned, though it hurt his swollen, sun cracked lips to do so. Let the fool save his water—for Matt!

Len Hardy even wanted to go on that night, when the pale wheel of the moon swung across the salt flats, but Matt cursed him and insisted on stopping. He was dead on his feet. And next morning, when once more they took up the trek, his hatred and rage burned and sizzled in him like the sun that broiled overhead. It was about noon when he finished the last of his own water, but still he made no move. Not until he was sure.

He was sure when the old man stopped, mopped his brow, and said: "We're a little more than halfway over, Matt. But the last is always the toughest. How's your water holding out?"

"All right," muttered Matt though his sun tortured lips. "Get going, will you!" As the old man turned his back Matt reached back, took the revolver from his pack. Halfway over at last! And about time—he was dying for a drink. He lifted the revolver, took careful aim, and fired three times. Len Hardy lurched forward and died without a sound.

With a little animal cry Matt scurried forward, fumbling for the canteens on the old desert rat's belt. The first one was almost empty, just a little in the bottom. In his frantic haste he tilted it, licked at the few drops, and tossed it away. What matter—three more remained. All this way, and the old man had used only one canteen of water. He reached for another canteen, thrust it toward his parched mouth with trembling hands.

MATT cried out aloud. He spat frantically, trying to rid his mouth of the acrid dust. Gold dust! It spilled from the canteen in a glittering stream, yellow against the white salt floor. Dazed, half mad with thirst, not understanding, and with the beginnings of a terrible fear on him, Matt tried the other canteens. All contained gold dust. But it couldn't be—it couldn't! Matt sank to the ground, his mouth a round, sun blasted pit, his tongue unable to explain this thing to himself. Then he knew. He sobbed out loud. The old man had been stealing gold all along, out of the common poke. That was why Matt's share had seemed so small! And the wily old desert rat had known he could make it across the Sink on one canteen of water! A perfect way to bring out the stolen gold—in canteens!

Matt sobbed again, the only sound in a hundred miles of sun scorched land. There had been one man greedier than himself—and now that man was going to be the cause of his death!

THE END

"Lash"

LARUE

THE MYSTERIOUS GOLD STRIKE

— PART TWO —

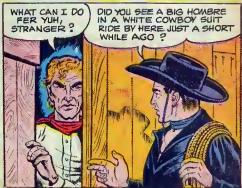
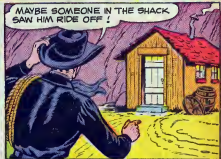
THE TRAIL'S END!

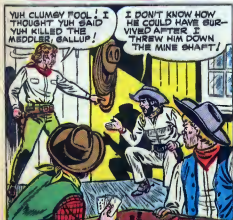
SURE DEATH LIES AHEAD FOR THE KNOCKED
OUT LASH LARUE AS HE HURTTLES DOWN
THE MINE SHAFT!

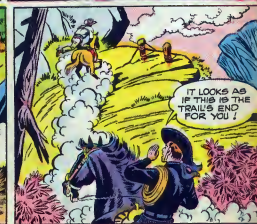
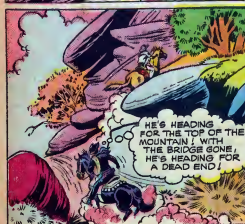
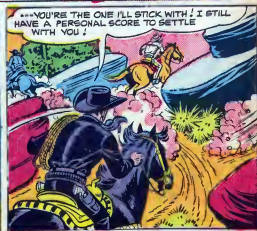
BUT AS
HE FALLS
HE COMES
TO---

OH, MY HEAD!
WHERE AM I?

SAY, I
REMEMBER
NOW! BUT IF
I HIT THOSE
ROCKS AT THE
BOTTOM OF
THIS SHAFT,
IT'LL BE THE
END FOR ME!

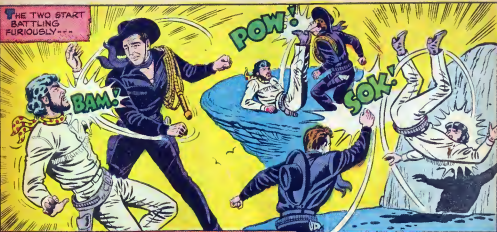








THE TWO START
BATTLING
FURIOUSLY---



BUT IT'S LASH'S BLOWS THAT HAVE THE MOST EFFECT---

ENOUGH! I'VE HAD
ENOUGH! I CAN'T
TAKE ANY
MORE!

COME BACK
YOU FOOL!



I'VE GOT YOU! YOU'RE NOT
GETTING OUT OF ANSWER-
ING MY QUESTIONS!



BUT GALLUP HAS ALREADY
STARTED OVER THE MOUN-
TAINSIDE AND HIS WEIGHT
CARRIES LASH ALONG!



DEATH ONCE AGAIN IS ON THE ROVING
MARSHAL'S TRAIL! IS THERE ANY ESCAPE?
READ ON FOR PART III OF THE
MYSTERIOUS GOLD STRIKE!

QUIZ

LET'S SEE HOW BRIGHT YOU ARE! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT, 4 VERY GOOD, 3 GOOD, 2 FAIR, 1 POOR.

- 1 MISSISSIPPI WAS THE 30TH STATE ADMITTED TO THE UNION.



- 4 PRESIDENTS WILSON, TAFT AND HARDING WERE ALL GOLF ENTHUSIASTS



- 2 STARBOARD IS THE LEFT HAND SIDE OF A SHIP FACING FORWARD.



- 5 JAMES MADISON WAS THE FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



- 3 GOLD AND SILVER WERE FIRST COINED BY THE LYDIANS IN ASIA MINOR BY KING CROESUS IN 550 B.C.



ANSWERS

1. FALSE, IT WAS THE 20TH, ADMITTED IN 1817. 2. FALSE, IT'S THE RIGHT HAND SIDE. 3. TRUE. 4. TRUE. 5. TRUE.

Now You Can Get LASH LARUE WESTERN Each Month, By Mail

(Please print your name clearly in pencil)

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YES, send me LASH LARUE WESTERN every month.

I am enclosing \$..... in full payment.

Name

Address

City Zone .. State

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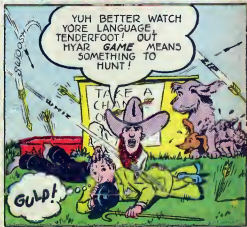
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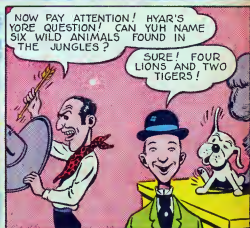
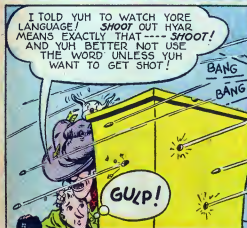
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My gift card should read.....

I enclose \$..... for the above orders.







LASH'S BULLWHIP NEVER FAILS HIM!

THAT VARMINT WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO ANSWER ANY OF MY QUESTIONS! IF I'M GOING TO FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT THAT COUNTERFEIT RING, I'LL HAVE TO FIND A NEW SOURCE OF INFORMATION!





BUT AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH-

IT LOOKS AS IF I WAS WRONG!
THERE'S NO PRINTING PRESS
DOWN HERE!



HEY! WHAT'S THIS!



THIS SECTION OF THE WALL CAN
BE PUSHED BACK! I THINK I
KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO FIND!
BUT I'D BETTER BE PREPARED!



MEANWHILE---

I TELL YUH I HEARD SOMEONE
RIDE UP AND WHEN I LOOKED
OUT FROM THE SHACK, I SAW
LARUE ENTER THE MINE!

BUT IT CAN'T BE!
BERT AND I
SAW HIM PLUNGE
TO HIS DEATH!



WE'LL SOON SEE! AND IF HE SHOULD BE
DOWN HERE, THIS TIME I'LL FINISH HIM
OFF MYSELF!



AT THE SAME
TIME ---

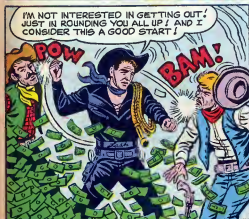
JUST AS I SUSPECTED!
THEY'VE GOT THE PRINTING
PRESS HIDDEN IN THIS
SECRET TUNNEL!



AND HERE ARE LOADS
OF COUNTERFEIT BILLS!
THEY'VE BEEN PASSING!

WE MEET AGAIN,
LAWMAN! BUT
THIS TIME WILL BE
THE LAST TIME!







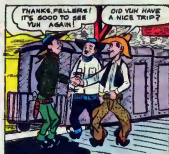
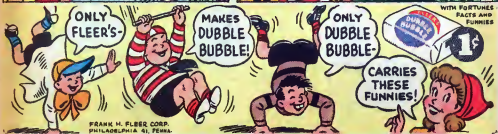
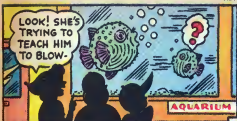
COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS

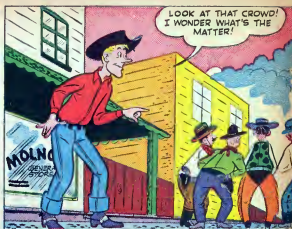
CROWNING A NEW KING-
OF THE GOLDEN WEST-

BOB COLT



10¢ WATCH YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND !!! 10¢



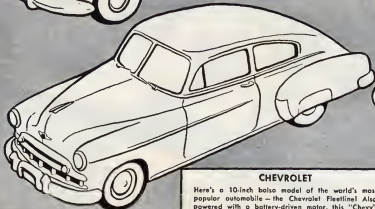
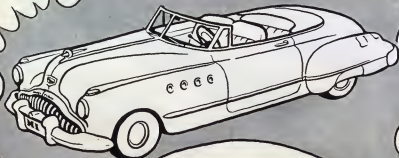


HEY GANG!
 LET'S BUILD THESE
 ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
 MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
 FULL SIZE PLANS!



BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile — the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as A-B-C. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER: Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

Your CHRISTMAS Daisies READY



FAMOUS DAISY 1000-PICT

RED RYDER

COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN DEERING & CO.

Tell Dad you'd like this husky, straight-shooting COWBOY CARBINE for Christmas! Promise him you'll shoot safely always. DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBINE looks, feels, handles like a real western cowboy's saddle gun. Genuine Carbine Ring, RED RYDER name on Pistol Grip Stock. No. 111 is only \$4.95 at dealers. Or—buy it with cash you get for Christmas!

NO. 111

\$4.95

GUN ALONE

NO. 311—DAISY BB GUN 'N' SCOPE
TARGET OUTFIT Complete

ONLY **\$7.50**



Contains RED RYDER CARBINE; 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE RIGHT MOUNTED; WELL RINGING, METAL TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE SHOT; SHOOTING MANUAL & SCOPE DOVE. No. 311 complete outfit in gigantic carton only \$7.50

NO. 25

\$6.95

GUN ALONE

DO NOT ORDER RIFLES, OUTFITS OR BB'S DIRECT—SEE YOUR DEALER. All prices subject to change without notice and higher in Quebec, West. Canada.

Get and Shoot DAISY PUMP GUN King of All Air Rifles

Here's the finest Daisy any boy can own! Extremely accurate for real target shooting. A 50-shot force-feed repeater; take-down model. Pump (pull) slide with beautiful stock to cock. All metal parts gun-blue with beautiful "gold"—engraved HUNTER-DOG-GAME scene on jacket. Walnut finish stock. Be the happiest boy in town—own a Daisy Pump! Ask Dad to get yours for Christmas—or get it with your own "Christmas Cash." No. 25—only \$6.95 at your hardware, sportsgoods or department store.

NO. 325

2-WAY TARGET OUTFIT
with CONVERTIBLE
PUMP GUN

\$9.95



Shoots Steel BB's or SAFE, new Jumbo Cork Balls. SET INCLUDES: PUMP GUN with EXTRA CORK BALL BARREL; 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; WELL RINGING TARGET, CARDS, 500 BULLS EYE SHOT; 10 JUMBO 50 CALIBRE CORK BALLS; 5 KNOCKDOWN INDOOR TARGETS; GUN & SCOPE MANUAL. No. 325—\$9.95.

Announcing
the NEW DAISY
GIANT POUCH
of Bulls Eye Shot

176
BB's
FOR

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. 1221, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

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